

The Rape of Persephone

C. Jane Wright

Greek Mythology

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

Hades is no gentle, misunderstood soul and he doesn't play nice with anyone- even the woman he loves. The fact of the matter is it was rape. The other fact of the matter is she grew to love him. A lot of LEMON/adult so don't read if it offends. R&R

Chapter 1

Persephone was a beautiful girl with long blond waves cascading around her, big blue eyes that shone angelic innocence, and her smile so bright, it made the sun dark with envy. She was beautiful beyond her skin with a light soul that touched everyone she met.

As she was playing and picking flowers with her friends, the water nymphs, she smelled something sweet. It was the loveliest smell that'd ever tickled her senses and she absolutely had to find its source. She followed her nose to a far off yellow flower. When she asked her friends to accompany her, they could not because it was beyond her mother's borders. But, she figured slipping quickly away to get the flower and returning would not be noticed by her mother. She bent down and after some struggle, plucked the pretty flower by the roots in order to replant it in her mother's garden. However there was a surprisingly deep hole left in the ground. In fact, this hole grew gaping until it seemed the ground was crumbling beneath her feet. She cried out in fear.

It was the smell that hit her first: fire and brimstone. She screamed louder as furious and rapid fire-walking horses galloped out of the newly formed abyss, their master equally furious. She screamed at the top of her lungs, "Mother! Mother!", and struggled to escape his big, muscular arms but to no avail as he roughly grabbed her and hauled her away.

She reached for the light of the open ground above her but that hole closed and it became complete darkness. To her utter horror, they passed moaning dead souls and dreary misery.

"No! No! Let me go back!" she wept, covering her eyes but still hearing the tortured wails.

When the horses stopped, her captor carried her into a castle. He threw her onto a bed of fine silk but it might as well have been needles to her disturbed mind. He stood before her head and body crowned with dark curls, swarthy, muscled, animalistic, aroused, and naked. Hades is a cruel god with almost no sense of humanity.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked a deep, masculine voice.

"Hades," she whispered in terror.

"Your husband."

She gasped, pausing in her sobbing. She bawled harder, weak from the implications. He reached to caress her bare arms, his fingers hot as fire. His lips replaced his fingers. She froze, silent.

He pulled away and his black eyes looked into hers. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. You are so warm and light and good. You are my antithesis. I love you and only you Persephone."

As he spoke, he soothingly stroked her long blonde hair with one hand, while the other ghosted over her body from arms to hips to bare legs and back. She suddenly felt unsure and heavy, her mind clouded by a heady mix of fear and arousal, her heart pounding. She had never had a man touch her; she had no idea what she was feeling. With his other hand he

ripped off her clothes. She cried out, fear winning in its internal battle. For a long moment, he grabbed her calves with his hard hands and kissed her throat.

“Open up for me, my innocent flower,” he whispered against her skin, his hands putting pressure on her already weak legs.

Trembling, her thighs fell open to their own accord. She felt him move between her legs, his fingers bruising her delicate skin. He kissed her lips, ravaging and marking them as his own. Her hand delicately cupped the back of his head, her fingers caught in his curls. He yanked her thighs wide open and savagely thrust into her, reaching her hilt. She screamed and pulled at his hair. He stopped for a moment and looked at her. She was flushed, tears in her eyes, and grasping at him as if he weren’t the one who caused her pain in the first place.

“Hades,” she hissed and panted, her nails biting into his shoulders.

He responded by slowly moving inside her. Inch by inch, he eased out until only his tip was left inside. He lifted her legs onto his shoulders and pounded back into her untried body. Again and again and again and again... She felt something wild building inside her until her tight body clamped down and she felt the most incredible pleasure of her life. As her body shook beneath him, he drove harder and faster into her, getting off on the added squeeze around him. She could not even relax after her mind-blowing experience because of his continued pounding. It was builder stronger than the first time and she quickly came undone. She felt places she didn’t know she had. The stamina of a god is something to be feared and worshipped. Thankfully after her fourth blissful explosion, he gave a final grunt and shuddered into her.

He collapsed to the side and pulled her with him, their bodies still connected. They panted harshly. She smelled something sweet and finally noticed the blood red, six-petal flowers growing all around them.

“Pomegranate flowers,” she murmured in surprise.

He took hold of her jaw and this time he took her lips with the softest kiss, a stark contrast to his first.

“Do you think I am evil?” he asked her.

She swallowed but shook her head no.

He averted his eyes from her. “Then you are foolish.”

“But evil cannot love and you love me.”

“How do you believe me?”

“The flowers do not lie.”

Chapter 2

She awoke feeling warmer than usual. But that was ruined when her hand, in its blind search, touched only silk. Well, Hades is not one for sentiments, that much should have been obvious. She curled into herself, gripping the sheets closer, lost in thoughtless blank. What has happened— she couldn't be sure of what to feel. The only fact she knows is he loves her. But what are facts to the matter of the heart? She terribly missed her Mother and her flower garden. She inhaled deeply the smell of pomegranates. At least her powers still work in the Underworld. She shivered delicately at the thought. She is currently residing in the place of horrors, a place no self-respecting god or goddess would choose to be.

But it's not my choice! she internally griped. It was simply thrust upon her so fast, she felt dizzy. Worse yet, she wondered if she was truly married. Hera always performs the marriage ceremony for the gods. Can one be married without it? Is Hades so great and terrible that it just is because he proclaimed it? She feared the worst. Surely her father, Zeus, can free her from the clutches of his brother.

And if not, is it so bad to be the one and only bride of the only god that can rival Zeus? Is it so bad to be the bride of a man who truly loves her?

She opened her eyes and slowly sat up, wincing at the pain from her nether regions. A white dress, similar to the one she was formerly wearing, was laid out at the bottom of the bed.

Silently, she slipped it on and treaded towards the door. Almost like she was a nervous child, she followed the walls outside with her hand. Needless to say, she was petrified to be alone in the dark of the Underworld.

Endless moans and groans bounced against the walls, seeping through her soul and cooling it. She started shaking like a leaf and breathing shallowly when she still did not find any light, like she was wandering an endless cave. Tears in her eyes, she backed against the wall in frightened panic when she heard one woman scream. Slowly crouching down, she buried her face into her hands.

"H-h-hades, someone, please help," she whimpered, tears flowing freely now. "Help me please."

She flinched when someone touched her arm and looked up to see Hades.

"I was alone and there are noises," she knew she sounded senseless but still feeling bone scared, she didn't care.

When he wrapped his arms around her, she looped hers around his neck and buried her face into his chest as he started to walk. She was still crying but was utterly relieved and quietly explained, "I've never been anywhere beyond my Mother's garden and Mount Olympus. I was so scared."

"I did not think the souls would trouble you," he said it like the thought never occurred to him. Then again, the Lord of the Underworld fears nothing so why should anyone else?

He laid her down on the bed and turned to leave. She asked, "Where are you going?"

"To judge souls," he curtly replied.

"What am I to do with myself?"

"Would you like to come with me?"

She noted the black robes he donned and shuddered. It makes sense— black is for death. She had never met a mortal, let alone a dead one. "No."

He turned around to continue on his path when she called out again. "Wait; do not... leave me alone. I'll go."

She moved until she was beside him. This time he wrapped his large arms around her shoulders and they walked back through the cave halls.

As they retraced their steps through the dark caves, she cringed at the noises again and moved closer to Hades.

He paused in front of a doorway of some sorts and led her inside. Three old women hackled amongst themselves in front of three huge piles of thread. The larger one, Clotho, spun the thread on a spindle, the consistently smiling haggled-tooth one, Lachesis, held a thread and rod in her hands, while the petit one with burning eyes, Atropos, held a pair of shears in her hands. The last one scared her the most. They immediately stopped and bowed before Hades.

The larger one started in a deep voice, "My King—"

"—you wish—" continued the haggled-toothed one.

"—to see us?" finished the sweetest voiced one.

"This is my Queen, Persephone, and she will spend her time with you when she is not with me. Beware your tongues around her, Fates, or I'll cut them out," he growled.

In reverse order, the crones said as they bowed:

"Of course—"

"—as you wish—"

"—my King."

Without saying another word, he turned around and walked away. Persephone almost protested, "But I thought I was going with you!" but the words died in her throat.

The three of them set down what they were doing and slowly circled her.

"What a pretty goddess you are—" one of them said behind her and tugged at her long hair.

"—certainly pretty enough to capture my King's eye—" said the haggled-toothed one, smiling eerily at her.

“—but I wonder what has kept it there?” finished the soft voiced one.

At her horrified expression, they simultaneously laughed. “Witches of the black arts, leave me be!” Persephone started to cry.

“Sweet girl, do not forget we—”

“—are the ones—”

“—that made you.”

“We are not—”

“—*completely*—”

“—evil.”

She pointed at the petit one and gravely said, “You cannot harm me, death dealer.”

“Ah” started the larger one.

“but you will—”

“wish I could,” the petit one replied, a cold smile curling on her lips.

They all chuckled and the other two took hold of Persephone’s arms and pulled her to a seat that had materialized in the middle.

“You’re Mother—”

“must miss you—”

“terribly.”

“What would you know about mothers?” Persephone eyed them suspiciously.

They all seemed hurt by this and said:

“Even we”

“as three goddesses—”

“have a mother. Surely you—”

“know of—”

“Nyx.”

Persephone gasped. “You are ancient evil then!”

They simultaneously tsked at her, “Dark is not necessarily evil. Nyx is the night sky.”

“I never go out at night. Mother says it’s dangerous.”

“And now you’re here,” they leered and crackled together.

The sisters took their seats again, Persephone’s in a middle of the semi-circle. They continued with their chatter and respective jobs.

“This one needs—” said Lachesis to Clotho.

“—a daughter,” Clotho spun a new thread.

“This one must die before he becomes tainted by—” Lachesis turned to Atropos.

“—his brother will live; he’ll suffer soon enough,” Atropos said as she crudely snipped the thread Lachesis handed to her.

“You can know all this?” Persephone said.

“We are the Fates, my dear,” the three replied, sending a chill down her spine.

“Past—” Lachesis started.

“Present—” Clotho said.

“Future.” Atropos gave a withered smirk.

Then before when Atropos said those ominous words to her... “but you will wish I could”... what will happen?

They clamored to a halt. Hades walked in and the three bowed once more. Silently, he took hold of Persephone’s arm and walked out of this room.

They walked through the long dark passage until they reached the room. He threw her onto the bed and disrobed.

“W-why did you go back on what you said? I thought we were going together,” she questioned as she sat up.

“If you quiver at the distant sound of the souls, I forbid you from being in front of them. I did not want the anticipation of the old crones to cause you fear,” he slowly approached her.

“What a cruel way of addressing them.”

“I am cruel.”

“Then you would not care for my feelings,” she shuddered as he knelt on the bed in front of her.

Kissing down her throat, he answered, “Just because I care for you does not mean I care for anything else.”

“Hades,” she gasped as he bit down on a sensitive spot. Her fingers entangled in his black curls. “Can I ask you... can you say it again?”

He pulled back and solemnly said, “I love you, Persephone.”

“Why could you not ask for my hand?” she searched his eyes.

“My sister has chased off your other ‘courtiers’. If Apollo is not deemed worthy, she would certainly *try* to kill me,” he smiled at the thought.

She couldn’t help but be a bit enchanted by that smile. She breathed, “Could you— be gentle this time?”

His eyes darkened impossibly. “No.”

He ripped off her dress and dug his fingers into her flesh, one arm looped around her, the other on her thigh. He growled, “You make me crazy.”

Once again, he roughly tugged her legs open. He leaned in and as his hand ran up her inner thigh, said, “Your scent is more intoxicating than wine.”

He thrust a finger into her, causing her to shriek. He curled his finger inside, making her inhale sharply. As quickly as it entered, it left. He inhaled the arousal on his finger before lapping it up. For a moment he paused before completely pushing her down and thrusting inside her. She made some erotic sounds at the intensity of his passion.

“You will never leave me,” he said into her ear.

At that, she tightened around him and imploded with ecstasy, calling out, “Hades!”

Several bouts of lovemaking later and the couple relaxed into each other. Persephone found herself on top of him with his arms around her.

“Hades, stay,” she mumbled as she went to sleep.

He gazed at her for a long time, entranced at her light beauty, before finally falling asleep himself.

Chapter 3

The smell of pomegranates was overwhelming but she couldn't seem to muster up enough strength to open her eyes. She felt warm and that was all that mattered.

Until she realized it wasn't the silk sheets that kept her warm. She awoke to the same position she fell asleep and she lifted her head to meet Hades' alert eyes.

"What are you doing here?" she tentatively asked.

"You said to stay," he answered as matter-of-fact.

"What about the souls?"

He didn't reply. She took note of all the pomegranate plants around them, at least a hundred, in varying stages. She blushed a red that competed with the richness of the flower.

"I'm sorry I kept you from your duty. I never could rise with the sun and Mother would always indulge me. Then again you could never tell if the sun is out here," she stopped herself from continuing, a sharp pain of homesickness striking her heart.

Hades let go of her and went to dress. She stayed shyly under the covers until he turned to her, saying, "Get dressed."

"Turn around so I can make myself modest," she meekly commanded.

"I have seen everything; what does it matter?"

"It just does," she tightly closed her eyes, embarrassment staining her cheeks.

To her surprise, she heard the rustle of movement. He had done as she asked! Afraid he would change his mind, she left the sheets to obtain the dress at the foot of the bed.

She slipped on the dress and turned to face Hades' glowing eyes inches away and gasped. "You have nothing to fear from me."

Persephone averted her eyes, unable to reply.

When he raised his hand, she involuntarily flinched. His hand dropped. When she saw the hurt briefly flash across his features, she started to say, "No, wait—"

But he simply took her hand and stormed out of the room with her in tow. She feared the punishment Hades was notorious for, in spite of her efforts not to be afraid.

This time, they walked in the opposite direction of the Fates. The sounds of the souls' moaning grew more distant until they finally stopped and still the pair walked on.

He stopped in front of a door and stood to the side. He made no gesture but simply stared at her. She looked uncertainly at the door. Stepping forward, she pushed open the door. The bright light momentarily stunned her but what she saw took her breath away.

Flowers of every kind and color everywhere, the great blue sky and sun shimmering on the ocean, and smiling people litter the vast world. There was a sweet breeze that caressed her, lifting her hair. The beauty of it would make her Mother's garden die of envy. She stepped inside, not believing her eyes.

"Is this truly the Underworld?" she questioned and turned to Hades who stared on at the world with indifference.

"This is one of the Islands of the Blessed. These are the souls that deserve to be here." His eyes shifted towards her as he asked, "Do you like it?"

She gave him her brightest smile, throwing her arms up and twirling forward, "It's beautiful!"

White flowers grew in every step she took. She felt like an Earth goddess again, to feel the sun and nature around her. It is stranger than what she is used to since it is not Apollo's sun that shines and this nature is isolated from above and yet it is all real.

He treaded to her, offering a yellow flower in his hand. Her eyes widened at the flower.

"This is the same one..." she trailed off.

"It is the Narcissus; created by the death of a boy."

"Where is he now?"

"Narcissus was unique so his soul is in his flower. The smell is sweet for this reason."

She gently picked up the flower, smoothing its petals. After inhaling deeply, she said, "Thank you."

Hades smiled a decidedly warmer smile compared to last night's. He kissed her hand and silently walked away. Persephone watched him leave with a feeling akin to disappointment.

Still, being in such a place, she could not help but feel happy. She ran towards the beach side and frolicked at the beauty of it all. A man sat in solitaire, a smile fixed on his face along with a long jagged scar. She willed some sun flowers to grow surrounding him. After his initial surprise at the flowers that reached above his head, his laughter boomed out. He waved at her, still laughing.

She reciprocated before floating off to other parts of the island and came across a little girl playing with a violet. Smiling, Persephone created a crown of violets and placed it on the girl's head. The girl hugged Persephone. They played together for a bit, twirling and skipping, until the girl bid Persephone goodbye and ran off to an elderly and matron woman. Blue gem flowers grew around the two women's arms.

Exploring the woodland area, she found some boys of varying ages playfully wrestling each other. One of the boys, about sixteen ran to her and stole a kiss. He pulled away with a mischievous smile and she laughed it off, growing some honeysuckles in his hair. She slinked away but not before growing some orchids around the other boys. They paused in the roughhousing to laugh at the flowers and wave to her.

Persephone ran to the other side of the island, meeting some more people along the way. This time when she came to the beach side, a few girls were braiding each other's hair,

talking rapidly and laughing while nearby some men swapped life stories. Persephone jumped into the water and when she came up for air, hundreds of water lilies grew around her. Some of the girls followed suit and jumped in after her. They drifted together and chattered about themselves.

Persephone felt at peace as she watched the glorious sunset from the mountain tops. Many elderly people of both sexes sat in groups around her in the field of calla lilies, also content.

When the bright stars came up, she wandered over to her starting point. Hades waited by the door.

"I will assume you enjoyed yourself," he said, gesturing to her damp hair and dress.

"It was unbelievable. You must have come here every day," she excitedly replied as they walked out.

"It holds no interest for me."

"How could that be? It's amazing! Flowers grow in places that should be impossible and everyone is so kind and happy, it's all so wonderful," she said with a dreamy expression. "I met so many mortals. They are so unlike the gods."

"You have only seen the best of the mortals. Most of them are not as deserving."

They stepped through their bedroom door and he cupped her face for a long kiss. When he pulled away, she said, "Hades, I am sorry for this morning."

"Are you still afraid of me?" he poached the question.

"I beg you, don't ask me that," she breathlessly said, her eyes sliding closed. "You know this was not my choice."

Angrily, he snarled, "Would you rather have been like the forever virgin Artemis? Forever your Mother's pet?"

"Mother loves me too! I cannot change myself or how I feel. You did as you pleased. I— I won't lie. You are big and powerful and I am only an Earth goddess with no real status. You are Hades, the King of the Underworld; a god that strikes fear in the hearts of men and gods alike. I know only flowers and frolic. Of course you scare me."

For a moment he coldly stared at her and then left the room. She threw herself onto the bed and crumbled into tears. Purple flowers of atropa belladonna grew from every tear that fell. She cried so hard she hiccupped, growing mandrake with every hiccup. She felt so cold, it was awful. The smell of the newly formed flowers around her somewhat soothed her. She eyed the mandrake, remembering the nymphs told her it would induce love and happiness. She ate a flower before drifting to sleep.

Chapter 4

Hades had walked into the room with the greatest intentions of telling her she was his wife and she must get over anything that would get in the way but when he saw the poisonous plants practically forming a cocoon around her, his heart sank. His fear multiplied when he realized that mandrake was growing out of her mouth. He hastily ripped apart the plants, pulled out the mandrake, and tried to shake her awake.

“Persephone, Persephone,” he shouted as he tried to wake her up.

Her head lolled from side to side but she didn’t respond. She wasn’t dead; immortals cannot die. She was in a coma.

He tenderly laid her head back on the pillow and went out to find Hecate. She was where he expected, at the Gates. She stood a matronly, faded, not-quite-here yet visible woman, petting the ferocious Cerberus. He never desires to see the mysterious witch goddess but this time he had no choice.

“Witch! You must help my wife,” he said to her.

She lifted a brow but nevertheless bowed, “My King, you are married?”

“I am. She is in a coma because of *your* plants. You must help her,” Hades demanded.

“As you command,” she said, following Hades through the dark halls.

They reached the still sleeping Persephone and his heart seized at the pain he felt. She was beautiful with her long blonde tendrils arranged around her and snow-white skin. But he wanted to see her blue eyes.

Hecate pressed her hand to Persephone’s forehead for a few minutes before she turned to Hades and said, “She will be like this for a few more days, most likely three, but she will awaken eventually. Had she been anyone else, she would have delightful delusions by now. It seems she only ate a flower but being an Earth goddess, the flower was able to grow inside of her. I assume when you pulled them out, the roots stayed in her body. It is the abundant roots that have done this to her.”

“You are sure?” he asked.

“I am.”

“Go.”

“By your leave, my King,” she bowed once more and melted into the shadows.

His fingers ghosted over her cheek, afraid he would break her in this delicate state. He kissed her lips briefly and left to find a guard for her. He had a good idea of who to choose.

Persephone awoke with a smile on her warm lips. She had never felt so rested in her life. But when she opened her eyes and saw a giant, savage man with a crown and tail, she screamed bloody murder.

“Who are you?” she cried out, scurrying in the opposite direction.

“I am Minos, Judge of the Damned. Hades has demeaned me temporarily to guard duty but I suppose I am notoriously vicious so I am the best.”

“Why would Hades post a guard for one night?” she asked.

Minos gave her a pitied look. “You have been asleep for four days.”

“What?” she felt faint.

“I don’t know how it happened. Hades simply told me to ensure your safety until you woke up or he ‘would punish me in the most unimaginably painful way’. Can you believe it? I am a former king and powerful Judge and this is how he treats me.”

“Who fulfills your duty then?”

“He does. I caught a glimpse of his judging and I loath to admit this but he is a harsher judge than I am. Don’t tell anyone or I’ll eat your firstborn,” he boisterously laughed, making her cringe. “Honestly though, I don’t think I have ever seen him angry. I would have told him so, but I feared the consequences. I should go tell him his wife has awoken.”

As the giant left, she took note of her surroundings: trampled deadly nightshade and mandrake. The pomegranates also seem to have been a causality of what must have been Hades’ rage. She sighed.

The sound of the door flinging open made her jump. Relief was crystal in his eyes and he quickly crossed the room to give her a bruising kiss. He held her to his chest.

He said in a broken tone, “I thought I was afraid of nothing. I was wrong.”

She wanted to laugh. It sounded like a paradox: Hades, scared? Impossible. Implausible. Actual?

He wretched her away and fervently said, “If you ever scare me again, I will find a way to strip you of your powers and keep you in this room for eternity. Do not take me lightly.”

In contrast to his words, she teared up with sentiment. “I can’t believe I worried you so much.”

“Persephone, I told you I love you.”

“How could I sleep for four days?”

“Ask Hecate,” he replied, too busy disrobing to explain.

Instead of simply destroying her dress, this time, he took the time to pull it off from the bottom, his rough hands running down the full length of her body. He went back to kiss her, his kisses spanning from her neck to her stomach and back. She shivered at the sensations. He lifted her legs to his shoulders, pinned her arms down, and thrust into her at the new angle. A sharp moan escaped her. His rhythm was slower as he took his time taking her.

“Open your eyes, Persephone,” he commanded.

Obeying, she looked into his eyes and was lost to the world, breathy cries leaving her. He continued to push her until she reached her second blistering pleasure and he joined her,

groaning deeply. His fingers left her arms sore but she didn't mind.

They only made love twice more when he told her, "I need to sleep. I haven't slept in five days."

She asked him in an absurd tone, "Why?"

"The first night I went to judge souls and I couldn't sleep since then so I continued my duties."

"I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble," she stroked his cheek.

But her words fell on deaf ears because her husband was fast asleep. He really was so ruggedly handsome, she could almost forget who he was. Persephone snuggled into him, knowing the fear he felt for her would never be forgotten.

Chapter 5

She couldn't help it. Although she had fallen asleep a while after Hades, she woke up and he was still asleep. Along all of this, she had no way of telling the time since there is no sun in the Underworld. With nothing else to occupy her, Persephone would stare vacantly at Hades and suddenly her face would flush and she would feel hot all over. She wanted him to wake up, to kiss her, to touch her, to love her.

Her hand slithered over every bruise, mark, and place he touched, eliciting a quiet moan from her. Her eyes briefly opened to make sure he was still asleep. She slid her hand over her stomach until she reached the place that wept for him.

Panting, she mimicked the memory and pushed one finger inside. Feeling considerably less satisfied doing it alone, she tried to move her finger. She shrieked when a large hand unexpectedly grabbed her hand.

"What do you think you are doing?" Hades asked. Persephone wasn't sure if he sounded angry or not. She felt guilty to be caught in the act and with his hand as an iron clad, she couldn't move her hand.

"I was just..."

"Go on."

She became flustered in her attempt to find an answer. "You were asleep," she said as if that explained everything.

"I was asleep," he repeated, the words sounding ridiculous.

"Don't you have to go to judge souls now?"

He laughed wholeheartedly, making her blush further. "I am King. I don't have to do anything. The world will be destroyed but that might be an acceptable consequence. After all, it was Zeus who so greatly took a liking to these mortals, not I. I could stay here for eternity with my beautiful wife to satisfy my needs and hers—"

His eyes never leaving her hand, he angled her hand and moved it in and out of her. Pleasure flooded her but she said, "I don't want the world destroyed."

"One day will not destroy the world," he aggressively said and got on top of her.

He took her hand and licked her fingers. "You meant to do this?" his other hand traced her soaking slit before pushing a finger inside. She contracted around it.

"Ah, yes," she arched into him. Her nails dug into his back. "Hades, please. I cannot take this anymore."

Gripping her thighs, he pushed her legs as far back as possible, leaving her open and vulnerable and gaping. He entered her quickly and harshly, filling her as she needed, and making her instantly orgasm.

He continued his pounding, making her see stars as she clung to him as if her life depended on it. Over and over and over again, she almost begged him to stop and give her rest but the pleasure was so addicting, especially when Hades would take his pleasure as well. She knew it before but now she is certain: the stamina of a god is to be feared and worshipped. When he finally stopped, her body was twitching but it felt so perfect and she knew he felt the same.

"I do not even know how long we have been doing this," she panted onto his chest.

"In this place, there is no time. We do what must be done and we do what we please at our own choosing," he answered, running his fingers through her hair. He whispered into her ear, "I know I can do this forever."

She knew he meant it because despite everything, she could feel him harden beneath her. "Gods, Hades, I can't."

He flipped them over, with her on her stomach. He lifted her hips and bent her over as he moved between her legs. Hades cupped her breasts, giving them a squeeze she felt like lightening.

"For five days, you have deprived me," he told her as he thrust inside of her.

In her position, she gripped the pillow that absorbed her moans. Bending over her, his chest pressed to her back, he plucked the pillow off the bed and kissed her thoroughly. Her legs were about to give out when he let go of her breasts to hold her up by her hips.

"Hades," she cried as she came and he followed her, moaning out her name.

They collapsed together but she tried to wiggle out. "Your stamina will kill me, regardless if I am immortal or not."

He chuckled but didn't reply. They lay together for a while, simply basking in the well-deserved afterglow. Slowly he got up to find a robe. She knew he had to go fulfill the work he's recently neglected.

He walked with her to the door to the Islands of the Blessed and this time when she opened it, it seemed different.

"There are thousands of islands. This is simply another one," he explained. Like before, he kissed her hand and simply left.

She went to the beachside and stared at the water. Some little kids nearby were circling each other, holding hands and laughing all the while. She tried to smile and will some daisies to grow around them. A single daisy sprouted from the ground. Persephone frowned and tried again to grow some daisies but this time nothing happened.

Gasping, she rushed back to the door and burst through it, slamming it behind her. When she found an older woman, half-faded, Persephone jumped back against the door.

"Who are you?" she asked suspiciously.

The woman bowed, "Hecate, my Queen, goddess of witchcraft and the in-between."

Persephone remembered Hades had mentioned her. "What are you doing here?"

"I am here to help you."

"Do you have anything to do with my powers?" she asked in fear.

"Come, I will explain everything, Queen Persephone," the woman held out her hand.

Hesitantly, she took it and they ended in an isolated and very dark cave. "Where are we?" Persephone asked in fear.

"Somewhere quiet," Hecate answered before saying, "It is good to see you awake. You have not lost your powers."

"Then why can't I make flowers or plants?"

"You're an Earth goddess, connected to Nature itself."

"Yes," she affirmed, a feeling of foreboding building in her.

"What if Nature was dying?"

"What do you mean?" Persephone gasped.

"Look for yourself," Hecate touched her cheek.

Her Mother, wrapped in a simple black cloak, was crying and walking listlessly. It seemed the cold tears on her cheeks were mirrored by the sky but this was not rain, it was much, much colder. As she walked, everything near her withered and died. Darkness followed her path although Apollo's sun was still in the sky.

"What is this?" she screamed and jerked away.

"Your mother is trying to find you."

"But I'm not going back. Hades made me his wife and, and— why is Mother killing everything?"

The matronly woman cooed, "Your mother loves you so much, her sorrow is doing this."

"Please, can you stop her?"

"That is not an easy task. If she is not handled delicately, she could kill everything at once."

"No! Please go and try to stop her or appease her, anything!" she begged.

Hecate bowed, "As you wish, my Queen."

Persephone found herself back in the bedroom she has come to think of as her own. She lay on the magically made bed and tried to sleep off her distress.

Chapter 6

Someone shook her awake when she would rather have kept sleeping. Hades asked, "Why did you leave the Islands without telling me Persephone? I thought I told you that if you scare me again, I'd strip away your powers and keep you locked up?"

She almost said, "Too late, my powers are gone," but she didn't have the heart to do so. Instead she asked, "Hades, why couldn't you ask me? Even though Mother would not have agreed to it, I can choose too."

His black eyes narrowed and he coldly said, "That is not your place to question."

At his harsh reply, she looked crestfallen, her eyes falling to her lap. Turning away from her, he said as he slowly disrobed, "Do you not like it here?"

"The Islands of the Blessed are beautiful. The Fates and Hecate have also been kind to me. Even Minos, in his own way, tried to be kind," she ambiguously answered.

"When did you meet Hecate?" he caught onto that part.

Lying for the first time in her life, she replied, "I meant as in she helped me wake up, right?"

He didn't reply as he took off his sandals but eventually said, "And I am grateful for her help."

When Hades turned back to her, he swept her into his arms and kissed her deeply. Once again, her dress was spared from mindless destruction. They made love in the truest sense of the word: slowly, intensely, thoroughly.

The rustling of the bed woke her from her drowsy sleep.

"Hades, I want to go with you; to the souls," Persephone quietly said.

"No."

"I won't be scared if—"

He cut her off, "No."

With child-like anger, she said, "You made me your Queen of the Underworld. If I am to be Queen, I must at least see what I rule."

"You will do no such thing," he hotly shouted when suddenly, a look of confusion flashed on his face. Back pedaling, he said in a calmer tone, "You must stay by my side at all times."

She vigorously nodded and slid away to find the dress at the foot of the bed. It was different from the ones she normally wears, with long flowing sleeves. It was lovely.

They walked down the dark halls, the sounds of souls growing louder. She felt the fear creeping inside but she tried her best not to let it show. When they were almost at the chamber room, she had to hold her breath to keep it from going shallow.

He threw open the doubled doors with the hand that wasn't wrapped around her.

It truly is the place of horrors. Souls in enormous numbers crowded the large chamber, all of them crying, moaning, screaming, and utterly frightened. Some clung to others in confusion while others angrily beat at their heads. At the very top of the chamber, closest to the doors, is a grand staircase only a few feet away from a great and crumbling throne that suits the god it seats.

All fear melted inside her. She looked up to see a stoic Hades, staring into the crowd. Eyes wide open, tears sprung out as she turned back to face the souls. Sadness and sympathy filled her as Hades led her to the throne. It was large enough to seat the two of them. She watched in fascination as those closest to the staircase took the very first step towards the throne. It was as far as any soul dared to go.

With one hand holding up his head and the other wrapped around Persephone, Hades singled out one of the souls on the step. He said to the man with indifference, "As a warrior, the blood you shed is not a crime but you did nothing of virtue, despite your conviction otherwise. To the Fields of Asphodel."

The man faded away. A woman was chosen next. "You were the mistress of a Congressman but you exposed him for his corruption, despite knowing he would kill you. To the Islands of the Blessed."

She smiled before fading. This went on for the next few souls of similar results until one man took the step. Still absolutely stoic, he said to him, "You killed your wife and her lover when you caught them together. To Tartarus."

The man cried, "But I have always tried to be a good person and husband! I was blinded by rage but if I could do it again, I would not have killed them. Please!"

Hades seemed untroubled by the outburst and barely raised the hand around Persephone. She saw that he was about to force the man to fade away.

"No!" Persephone flung down the stairs, her white robes flowing around her, and clasped the man's hands. She looked deeply into his eyes, compassion wetly shining from her own. She said to this man, "I know you tell the truth. I forgive you."

"To the Islands of the Blessed," Hades said behind her, from his throne.

She shared with the man a smile as he faded away. She took shaky steps up the stairs, keeping her eyes down until she reached him. Hades stood, took her hand, and without warning, dragged her out of the room. They walked down the halls until he abruptly turned around and fell to his knees, one hand clutching her hand, the other, his heart.

He sounded wounded as he spoke, "For an eternity, since the birth of mankind, I felt *nothing*. I would watch these mortals hate and love and feel but I could understand none of it. The gods would indulge in their emotions but I had none to indulge in. I simply look at you and I *feel*. With only one look, I fell in love. I have seen the greatest wonders but I felt no pleasure. Yet you smile and I know happiness. I have seen the most monstrous crimes committed but I felt no anger. Yet I felt rage when I wanted to protect you. I feel so much it pains me. I can only offer the dreaded throne of a dark kingdom. You would have rejected me on sight. I had to take you because I need you. I feel only because of you, Persephone, my Queen."

He kissed her palm and then lifted her sandaled foot and kissed it. Trembling with emotion, she knelt down to his level and gave him a gentle kiss.

As she pulled away, she gave him a radiant smile as tears slid down her cheeks. He pressed her to him, embracing her for the first time. Her heart felt completely filled.

“I love you, Hades,” she whispered.

He could only close his eyes at the words he thought he would never hear.

Chapter 7

“They are ripe!” she exclaimed upon rising from her sleep.

“What are?”

Persephone fluttered her lashes, “The fruit of our love.”

“Do you mean the pomegranates?”

“Yes. You destroyed the first batch but this one grew to maturity.”

“That reminds me, why don’t you grow them anymore during our lovemaking?”

She forced a laugh and lied, “I consciously stopped it because I knew the room was getting full of them. We should open one to eat.”

Persephone reached for the nearest one but Hades grabbed her hand. Eyes wide, she gave him a confused look. “Does fruit not please you?”

He couldn’t look at her as he answered, “Persephone, perhaps a more mature plant is better appealing? The one on the other side grew first.”

“How would you know?” she could feel herself grow red, predicting the answer beforehand.

“While you close your beautiful eyes, I see everything.”

She smiled shyly, still unused to openly talking about their adventurous and passionate nights. Their days consisted of judgment but at night they belonged each other. The judgment system altered from Hades’ old judgments. Thanks to her, those repentant can now reach the Islands of the Blessed or at least the Fields rather than go straight to torture in Tartarus. Although sometimes, she remains asleep (and he indulges her), once she awakens, she follows the path to the judgment chamber. She has never been happier.

This time as she took the fruit, Hades only carefully watched. She broke it in half and handed one half to him.

He took a bite into it, his eyes on her the whole time. She cheerfully asked, “So how is it?”

“Delicious. It tastes like you.”

Her body flushed at his meaning. Picking a few juicy seeds into her hand, she almost ate them when Hades stopped her.

“Do you love me?” he asked.

“Do you doubt my word?” she seemed hurt. “I didn’t doubt yours.”

He cupped her face, tilting her eyes to look into his as he blatantly said, “If you eat those, you will never leave.”

“What do you mean?”

“It is an old rule to ensure almost no one can escape the Underworld once they enter. If you eat the food of the Underworld, you cannot leave. I will let you ‘choose’ as you so desperately wanted.”

Horror on her features, she glanced at the fruit in her hands. She spoke as if speaking of sacrilege, “You almost took my choice from me again.”

“I didn’t want you to resent me for this. I love you.”

“But what if I want to see Mother? What about Apollo’s sun and Nature and the nymphs?”

“Your mother and the nymphs can visit you here if they so desire.”

With a heartbreaking look she said, “Mother would never come here; even if to see me. No god or creature would ever willingly come here.”

He didn’t give an answer. She stared at the fruit. Persephone picked up one seed and said, “Despite immortality, I would have had to eat sooner or later. We still need nourishment. I’m surprised hunger pangs haven’t bothered me yet. What am I to do?”

Taking a steadying breath, she put the single seed into her mouth and relished the juicy flavor. Relief was evident on his expression as she ate one by one the rest that she had picked into her hands.

“It tastes of love. I can’t imagine not being here... Hades, I’m sorry,” her eyes pooled as the words flowed out, “I lied to you before.”

“I know.”

“How?” surprise colored her.

“You have no gift for lying. What did Hecate say to you? Witch should have asked me before approaching you.”

“Please, be kinder to her. She left to go find Mother. Hades, my powers aren’t working anymore.”

He grew darker at the revelation. “Why?”

Before she can answer, the doors burst open and what looked like a glowing angel entered. Persephone shrieked and tried to cover herself with the sheets. Hades stood naked in front of Hermes and glared in displeasure at the young god.

Hermes barely batted an eye as he declared, “A message from Zeus: Hades and Persephone are to go to Olympus immediately, regardless of the circumstance.”

“She cannot leave. She has eaten the fruit of the Underworld.”

“He said regardless of circumstance. You cannot ignore him.”

Finding himself in a deadlock, Hades dismissed Hermes and both of them dressed to leave. He escorted her to his chariot where horses breathing fire stood restlessly.

Hermes was standing by the chariot, and extended his hand to Persephone. "I have strict instructions to take you personally."

"No," roared Hades and possessively held onto his wife.

Persephone soothed Hades with a kiss and slipped away, telling him, "It will be alright." She accepted Hermes' hand and he instantly jumped into the air.

She closed her eyes at the travel until she felt sunlight kiss her cheeks. Although, she hadn't visited Olympus often, she still found the overstated glory amazing. It would be a lie to say she hadn't missed the above world.

"Persephone!" her mother's voice called to her from the steps of the temple.

Seeing her mother, her heart jumped in joy. She broke into a run until they embraced tightly. Both were crying tears of joy as her mother hysterically said, "My beautiful daughter, Persephone, Persephone."

"I love you, Mother," she wept, clinging to her.

"How dare he! What did that monster, Hades, do to you?" she asked and inspected Persephone to make sure she wasn't injured.

"He's not a monster, Mother. He's my husband."

"What!" she screamed. "He has violated you! Oh, Persephone. Tell me, did you taste the food of the Underworld?"

"I did," Persephone said sadly, knowing it will wound her mother.

"I am too late," her mother fell to the ground sobbing.

Zeus summoned them inside from his heavenly throne. Beside him sat the currently passive Hera on a separate throne. As Persephone compared the spotless throne to Hades' crumbled one, she couldn't help but feel this one is cold in comparison.

As soon as Demeter saw Hades, she tried to spring at him. Persephone barely held her mother from physically attacking her husband. "Wicked monster! I will kill you!"

"Mother stop!" begged Persephone.

"No!" her voice boomed like thunder as black clouds materialized and lightning struck Hades.

Hades brushed it off but Persephone cried, "Mother!"

"Enough!" Zeus proclaimed, seated at his throne. "Demeter, our daughter has eaten from the food. She must return to her husband."

"I will kill everything and everyone if she does!" she viciously replied.

"Zeus, you promised her to me. Not only has she eaten from the food but you cannot break your promise," Hades coldly said.

"What promise?" Demeter screeched, her outrage turning on Zeus. "She is *my* daughter. You have enough bastards to call your own, Zeus; my daughter is my own."

Hera's lips thinned at the reminder of her husband's constant infidelity but remained a silent observer. Zeus addressed Hades, "I cannot allow her to kill off humankind."

"Let them die. Unlike you, brother, I do not need their endless fawning. Persephone is *my* wife," Hades retorted. "Will you break your own rule? She ate the seeds of a pomegranate."

Demeter jumped into the infuriated debate.

Feeling completely helpless as they fought over her fate, Persephone started to cry. With a single action, Hera silenced the high-running emotions in room. All eyes were on Hera as she stepped off her throne and gracefully glided to Persephone.

Despite knowing this girl is a product of her husband's betrayal, Hera pitied the pretty, sweet girl. "What do you want?"

"I love Mother," she answered, grateful for finally being heard, "but I love Hades. I don't wish for anyone's death but I would rather die than leave my husband."

Hera smiled at the girl and returned to the throne. Callously, Hera ordered, "Make this agreeable, Zeus. Fit the solution to her desires."

Zeus nodded. After a moment's thought, he asked, "Persephone, how many seeds did you eat from this pomegranate?"

"What does it matter?" but she nevertheless thought back. "Six."

Zeus stood, assuming a position of importance as he announced, "As the King of gods and the Heavens, I decree that for every six full moons, Persephone will spend your time aboveground with Demeter and the other six in the Underworld with Hades. Beginning today, you will begin your first cycle with your mother."

Both Demeter and Hades found the ruling unsatisfactory but decided not to push the matter since Persephone seemed happy. Hera gave her husband an unexpectedly affectionate kiss that made him further gratified with the outcome.

Persephone went to Hades. "Six full moons will pass quicker than you think."

"It will be an eternity of hell."

"Be gentle with the souls. Just ask them if they are repentant. If they seem truthful—"

"I will keep those who claim repentance in Limbo until you return," he quickly said.

She kissed him goodbye, tears flowing from her eyes as she said, "I love you, Hades. I'll miss you terribly."

Demeter shrilly called, "Persephone, get away from him already."

Hades ignored his sister and kissed Persephone deeply. "I love you, Persephone."

Grief in her heart, she stepped out of his arms and into her mother's. Still crying, she said, "Let's go home, Mother."

They stood in the spot where she was initially taken. The rolling grass, familiar landscape, and simple beauty all filled her vision. There was a new stream that gently flowed across the spot.

“Where are the nymphs? I missed them,” Persephone asked.

Looking somewhat ashamed, Demeter said, “When the nymphs first told me you were taken but could not identify who, I was so overcome with grief, I turned them into creatures of darkness. The only nymph who saw Hades was so upset, she turned into this stream. After nine days of searching, Hecate came to me. She was so kind, she advised me to visit Apollo. After some silly talk of Hades’ greatness, he told me who took you. Well, I went to Zeus and told him my demands and now you are with me, my daughter.”

“Oh Mother, how could you do that to the nymphs?”

“I love you that greatly,” she replied. “Today, we rest but tomorrow, let’s go regrow everything, Persephone.”

“You have never let me go with you before. Why now?”

Hugging her, Demeter said, “I want you by my side for the time I have you. I took you for granted and I’ll never make that mistake again.”

She smiled brightly, “Alright, Mother.”

As Apollo’s chariot reached its destination and the stars came out, Persephone couldn’t help but mourn the distance from Hades. Although she didn’t admit it to him, six full moons will feel like an eternity of hell.

She bid her mother goodnight and crawled into her old bed. Though she didn’t notice it before, she was tiny in comparison, just as she felt when Hades left the bed before her. She sighed and closed her eyes, hoping sleep will come quickly.

Enjoying the dream, she leaned into the hot, rough hands that caressed her face. It was when lips clasped over hers and a familiar tongue plunged into her mouth did she realize it was not a dream.

She gasped but Hades covered her mouth with his hand, putting a finger to his lips as a signal for silence. She beamed, her heart filling with happiness, and hugged him, loving every inch of him against her as her hands quickly entangled in his curls.

Barely whispering into her ear, he said, “I told you already that you will never leave me. I meant it, Persephone, my Queen.”

“Forever, I will love you, Hades,” she breathed against his mouth.

And so, Persephone traveled seamlessly between the two worlds of wife and daughter. There came to pass some talk of the sweet smell of death which results from the sweet Narcissists that grew to fill the Underworld chambers and the fragrant pomegranate that emanated from Hades himself. Humanity gave names for the different times, saying words like *seasons*, *months*, *summer*, *winter*, but it was of no consequence to the gods, least of all, Hades and Persephone who loved evermore.

Epilogue

Epilogue

“Be careful on your journey,” Demeter tearfully said and kissed her daughter goodbye.

“I will Mother,” she gently replied. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Persephone.”

“Please, watch over Melinoe diligently. You know she loves to wander,” Persephone sighed happily.

“Absolutely! Melinoe, come say goodbye to Mamma,” Demeter pushed the little girl towards Persephone.

The girl was every bit as beautiful as her mother but with her father’s black curls. There was a glow to her that emanated half-darkness and half-light, her appearance mystifying all the gods who see her. Her temperament was also similar to her mother’s but held the quiet and reservation of her father’s.

“Be good to Grandmother and listen to everything she tells you, okay?” Persephone smiled at the girl, her heart melting every time she sees her. “Are you sure you want to stay aboveground?”

“Yes, Mamma, I love it here,” the sweet little girl said as she hugged her mother goodbye. “Bye Mamma, I love you.”

“Bye, sweetheart, I love you too,” Persephone could barely let go of her little girl but still went back to her husband.

Hades hugged Melinoe and gave her a kiss before going to his chariot. He wrapped his arms around his wife’s stomach protectively and gave a kiss as he whipped the horses into action.

“It worries me to leave her alone like this,” Persephone said.

“It’s only for six full moons then you can join her. After that, we’ll all be together again. She will be fine with my sister. I think her hate for me has somewhat dimmed after she met Melinoe.”

“How has Macaria been in the Underworld? I hope it wasn’t too hard on you to watch her alone.”

“Macaria is no trouble at all. She’s exactly like you and spends all her time in the Islands — but she found a new playmate,” Hades gruffly said.

Persephone laughed, “Does this not please you?”

“No, it’s the demon boy, Thanatos.”

“He is a good boy, Hades. He’s may be a bit harsh or crude when he takes souls from aboveground but I know he’s good at heart. You couldn’t ask for a better boy for her to connect with.”

“I don’t like him.”

“Because he’s just like you,” Persephone teased.

Hades didn’t reply but grudgingly smiled in acceptance.

As the horses stopped, Hecate appeared. Bowing, she said, “Welcome back, My King and Queen. Queen Persephone have you been taking the herbal medicine I suggested to you?”

“Don’t I always? Yes, I feel very strong for being seven months with child,” Persephone patted her round belly.

“He will be a fine boy,” Hecate smiled but some sadness twinkled in her eyes unbeknownst to Persephone and Hades. Already knowing beforehand, she asked “Have you chosen a name yet?”

Persephone nodded, her hand squeezing Hades’. “Zagreus”

All of a sudden, something almost knocked her into the ground from behind. Persephone turned around to see Macaria.

“Mamma! I missed you so much! Daddy’s boring,” she excitedly said. “Did my brother come yet? I miss Melinoe too. I wanna play with you.”

They all laughed, including Hades, and Persephone shook her head, “Melinoe wanted to stay up there. Wait a little bit more. Then you and I will play all you want.”

“Yay! Mamma I made a new friend! At first he said, ‘Go away, you’re annoying.’ But now we play together in the Islands. It’s so much fun Mamma. Mamma I wanna do what Thanatos does but I wanna bring them straight to the Islands so they have more time to play.”

“That’s good, honey.”

“Mamma, why are you crying?”

“Because I’m so happy,” she answered. To Hades, she said, “I’m sure it’s only pregnancy oversensitivity.”

“I disagree, you are always oversensitive.”

She couldn’t get upset though and kissed him thoroughly.

Hecate chuckled, “Come along Macaria, your Mamma and Daddy want to be alone.”

“Ok, Grammy Hecate.”

Hecate took the girl’s hand and they walked through the halls. Once Macaria was safely in the Islands, Hecate went back to her post at the Gates. She stifled a sad sigh at her visions.

The boy is running and shifted into several of the fastest animals in the world but these forms still cannot outrun the Titans. The bloodthirsty former gods caught him and devoured him slowly. When the boy’s grandfather threw a lightning bolt to destroy them, all that was

left was his heart. Persephone woefully held it in her hands. Only with her husband's and a mortal woman's help was their son reborn. But he was forever traumatized and lost himself to vain pleasures of drink and lust. To his parents, he tried to be good but he could never forget.

She closed her eyes in sadness but then thought of the girls' futures and she felt pacified. At this very moment, Macaria is trying to force a kiss on Thanatos because 'I wanna see why Mamma and Daddy do it so much' and young Thanatos is blushing and stumbling as he tries to push her away. Hecate can see they will be lovers. Melinoe grows to be a beautiful young woman whose gentleness puts her on a journey to help all the souls that are remain aboveground. She gathers them with her and walks the Earth searching for all the souls. Sometimes, she crosses paths with her grandmother or mother who still fluster over her or her sister who is on her way to take some souls to the Islands of the Blessed. One of them is the soul of a boy who falls in love with Melinoe. Since souls are immortal, they spend a happy and loving eternity on this path together.

The immortal Hades and Persephone will find happiness with each other if not in all their children.

Author's Note

I wasn't planning on writing this but I just felt like I had to. I started this story as a one-shot (chapter one only) because I believed all the other stories were full of it when they were like "No, he's a good guy, he'd never rape her." I'm here to say, fact, yes he did. In some versions, she grows to fall in love with him and I wanted to represent those.

But then I thought about how they would go about falling in love and I thought about all the weird pieces in the story (like why the hell would Hecate, a goddess living in the Underworld, even go above ground to talk to Demeter? My answer: she was asked to).

Thank you to all my reviewers but especially thanks to madame thome and Sofia. N for being so supportive. I tried really hard not to let it go to my head but it looks like vanity won out. But you got your story faster so it's probably worth it.

My version of Hades and Minthe is up. Hope you read it; pretty sweet test of Hades' and Persephone's marriage ^-^

Also hope you check out Macaria's and Thanatos' story =]!